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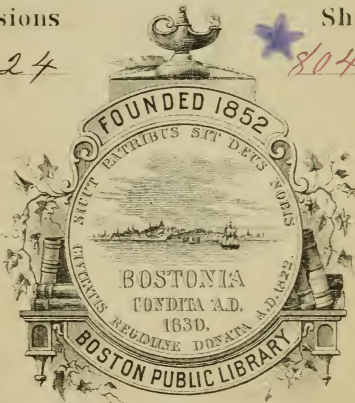
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Oliver Ditson.

Dec. 20, 1859.



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THE

UNION

TEMPERANCE SONG BOOK.

A COLLECTION OF SONGS FOR

PICNICS, TEMPERANCE MEETINGS,

SOCIAL GATHERINGS,

AND

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY OLIVER DITSON & CO.

277 Washington Street.

38024

Oliver Ditson

Dec 20. 1859

Cold Water Song.

From the Lowell Offering. Words by Rev. A. C. Thomas

1. How sparkles the dew on the grass and flow'rs, In

rays of the ear-ly dawn! And how refreshing are

summer show'rs To fields and meadows and drooping bow'rs! And

how reviving their secret pow'rs To garden and parched lawn!

The earth drinks enough of ne To spring, or to pump, or to well
cooling rains, we'll hie,

And quenches her burning thirst; Obedient to nature's laws;
The sea a portion by rills contains, And this to others shall be our cry,
A part by vapor the cloud regale s; Drink cold water whene'er you're
And some sinks downwards dry,

earth's small veins And health and pleasure you
In springs from her heart hereby,
burst. And honor a holy cause.

Away the Bowl.

Words adapted by Alvan Simonds.

1. { Our youthful hearts with temperance burn, A-
 { From dram shops all our steps we turn, A-

way, a - way the bowl; } Fare-
 way, a - way the bowl; }

well to rum and all its harms, Farewell the winecup's

boast - ed charms, A way the bowl a

way the bowl, a - way, a-way, the bowl.

2. See how that staggering drunkard reels!

Away, away the bowl;

Alas, the misery he reveals,

Away, away the bowl;

His children grieve, his wife's in tears!

How sad his once bright home appears!

Away the bowl, away the bowl, away, away the bowl.

3. We drink no more, nor buy nor sell,

Away, away the bowl!

The tippler's offers we repel,

Away, away the bowl.

United in a temperance band,

We're joined in heart, we're joined in hand,

Away the bowl, away the bowl, away, away the bowl.

Pic Nic Round.

1
Come let us en - dea - vor

2
To prove that who - ev - er

3
May choose to drink wine, we'll

4
Drink wa - ter for - ev - - er

Temperance Call.

TUNE.—“The Schoolmaster.”

Come, ye children, learn to sing; Temperance songs are

just the thing: Tune your voices, make them ring.—They'll give

CHORUS.

life a cheerful spring. Cheer-i - ly, read - i - ly,

come a - long; Sign the pledge, and sing the song.

2 Blooming youth, come sing the song,
Tune your lips, the strains prolong;
Sit not by the wine too long,
Grief and wo to it belong,

CHO.—Cheerily, readily, &c.

3 Lovely maid, the call obey,
Tune your lips, and keep away
From the tyrant's awful sway,
And be not the bibber's prey.

CHO.—Cheerily, readily, &c.

4 Anxious parent, hear the call;
See! your children, great and small,
Come to you with loudest call—
Sign the pledge, and save them all.

Cheerily, readily, come along,
Sign the pledge, and sing the song.

Round—Drink Cold Water.

Words by Rev. A. C. Thomas.

1 *b* If for pleasure, health or treasure, 2

2 *b* You seek, you seek, 3

3 *b* Drink not of Rum! 4

4 *b* Drink cold water, Drink cold wa-ter. 1

<p>2 You'll be stronger, and live longer, If you obey; Hark! hark! hark! hark! Drink cold water.</p>	<p>3 We are freemen, and will be men, And heed the voice: Hark! hark! hark! hark! Drink cold water</p>
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Raise your Banner high in air

TUNE—*The Schoolmaster.*

Raise your Banner high in air,
Write *Cold Water*—write it there,
Let its folds be wide unfurl'd,
Let it float o'er all the world—
Temperance Banner—raise it high,
Let it flap against the sky!

2 March, Reformers, march ye on,
Soon the battle will be won;
Soon the last poor, staggering soul,
Will have turned—or found his goal
Press, Reformers, press ye on,
Cease not, till the battle's won'

3 See, yon star is rising high;
Hope is bending from the sky;
See, yon Rainbow bending o'er
Ireland's lately deluged shore;
See, her star is rising high,
Hope is bending from the sky!

4 Hark! I hear yon spirits cry,
Come and see us—for we die;
Brandy, Rum, and Gin are dead;
Wine and Beer are frightened, fled.
And the very winds reply,
Alcohol shall surely die!

5 Raise your Banner, raise it high;
Let it flap against the sky:
Let the world adoring see,
Temperance—Truth—and Liberty—
Temperance Banner; raise it high;
Let it flap against the sky!

The Temperance Banner.

POETRY, by Rev. J. Burns.

MUSIC, by A. R. Trowbridge.

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The second system has a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The third system has a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves.

1. Lift up the Temp'rance Banner high, That all around may see

The way in which by bloodless fight, The drunkard is made free.

2 Lift up the Temperance Banner high,
Its numerous trophies show,
Of deathly spirits, timely saved,
From Hell's undying wo.

3 Lift up the Temperance Banner high,
In market-place and street,
Let its bright streamers nobly wave,
Where'er poor drunkards meet.

4 Lift up the Temperance Banner high,
In schools, where youth are taught;
Until the mind of rising age,
With its rich truths are fraught.

5 Lift up the Temperance Banner high,
In the house of pray'r and praise;
That all who own the Savior's name,
May shun the drunkard's ways.

6 Lift up the Temperance Banner high,
In palace and in cot;
Till rich and poor and high and low,
With us cast in their lot.

7 Lift up the Temperance Banner high,
On every hill and shore;
Until the drunkard's voice is heard,
O'er this wide earth no more.

Hymn for Simultaneous Meeting,
WASHINGTON'S BIRTH DAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1842.

Tune, "Watchman, tell us."

Treble voice.

Words by Geo. Russell.

1. Watchmen! tell us, we would know, How the

Musical notation for Treble voice and Bass accompaniment. The Treble voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef, and the Bass part is on a single staff with a bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The Treble voice part begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The Bass part begins with a whole note chord of G2 and B2.

Tenor voice.

Temp'rance cause succeeds? You who guide its movements show

Musical notation for Tenor voice and Bass accompaniment. The Tenor voice part is on a single staff with a tenor clef, and the Bass part is on a single staff with a bass clef. The Tenor voice part begins with a quarter note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, and C4. The Bass part continues with a whole note chord of G2 and B2.

Treble.

What of labor still it needs. Does the glorious work move

Musical notation for Treble voice and Bass accompaniment. The Treble voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef, and the Bass part is on a single staff with a bass clef. The Treble voice part begins with a quarter note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The Bass part continues with a whole note chord of G2 and B2.

Tenor.

on? Is its progress swift or slow? Is the victory almost

Musical notation for Tenor voice and Bass accompaniment. The Tenor voice part is on a single staff with a tenor clef, and the Bass part is on a single staff with a bass clef. The Tenor voice part begins with a quarter note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, and C4. The Bass part continues with a whole note chord of G2 and B2.

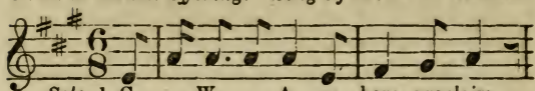
won? Does the Temp'rance "Army" grow? Is the vict'ry almost

won? Does the Temp'rance "Ar - my" grow? grow?

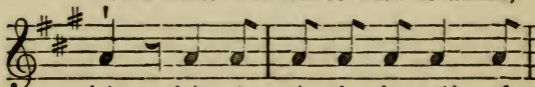
- 3 Joyful news we bring to-day;
 GLORY, GLORY to our KING!
 Temperance speeds its onward way,
 Wafted, as on angel's wing.
- 4 Lo another Jubilee!
 Thousands hail it with delight:
 Thousands, once in chains, now free
 From the drunkard's damning blight.
- 5 Washington! our country's friend!
 Claims our praise, as well he may:—
 'Temperance with that name shall blend,
 On our patriot's natal day.
- 6 Washington, for freedom fought—
 Freedom from a foreign foe:
 Freemen with the PLEDGE have wrought
 Freedom from Intemperance too.
- 7 Hallelujah! Praise our King!
 Shout his praises—old and young!
 Make the Heaven's high arches ring!
 Praise Him! every human tongue!

Song of the C. W. A.

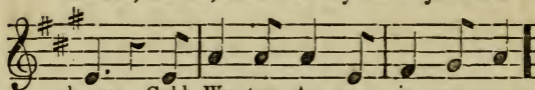
From the Lowell Offering. Song by Rev. A. C. Thomas.



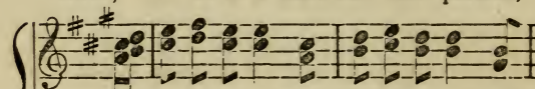
Solo. 1. C. W. A. we here proclaim,
2. O happy are they to us who come,
3. C. W. A. shall ev - er be,
4. We never will seek re - ward or thanks,



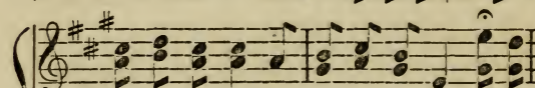
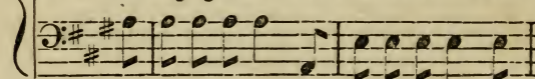
claim, claim, A ti - tle de - void of
come, come, Dis - card - ing the use of
be, be, The boast of the glad and
thanks, thanks, From a - ny who join our



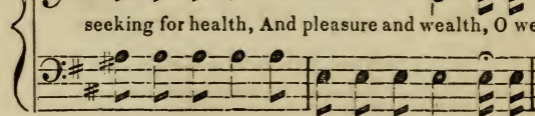
shame; Cold Wa - ter Ar - my is our name,
Rum; Of its dire woes we've witness'd some,
free; Cold Wa - ter Ar - my still are we
ranks; O we're a stout and firm phalanx,



Cho. And waging a war With what we abhor, And



seeking for health, And pleasure and wealth, O we



drink of the flowing spring, spring, spring, spring, And we

ever sing, O the water that flows from the spring.

Round—Flee from Rum.

Words by Rev. A. C. Thomas.

1 Rum will bring deep woe;

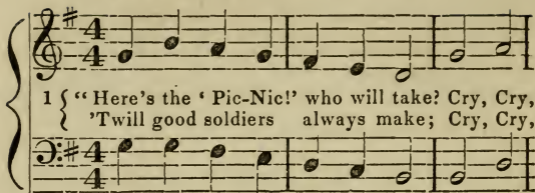
2 Mind it will o'er - - throw;

3 Heart it will bring low.

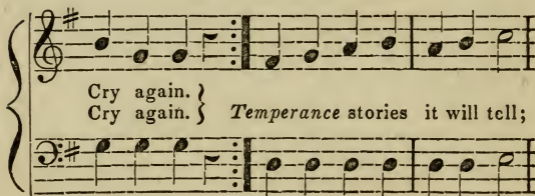
2 Flee, O from Rum flee!
 Let this thy pledge be,
 Rum shall not bind ME.

Here's the Pic-Nic.

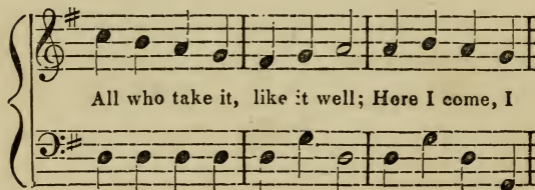
AIR, 'Try again'—By permission.



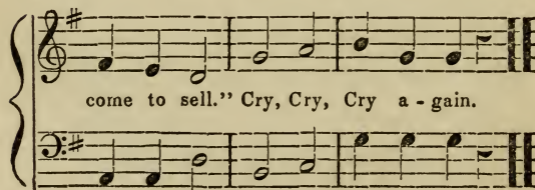
1 { "Here's the 'Pic-Nic!' who will take? Cry, Cry,
'Twill good soldiers always make; Cry, Cry,



Cry again. }
Cry again. } *Temperance stories it will tell;*



All who take it, like it well; Here I come, I



come to sell." Cry, Cry, Cry a - gain.

- 2 Don't despair, my little lad;
 Try, Try, Try again.
 Oft at first one's luck is bad;
 Try, Try, Try again.
 What if a repulse you get,
 Persevere, you'll prosper yet,
 Then your toil you'll not regret.
 Try, Try, Try again.
- 3 Put on courage—never tire—
 Try, Try, Try again.
 Let the "Cause" your heart inspire—
 Try, Try, Try again.
 Raise your banner, raise it high;
 For recruits then loudly cry,
 They will rally by and by.
 Try, Try, Try again.
- 4 Come, my lads, and lasses too,
 Try, Try, Try again.
 Come, let's see what you can do:
 Try, Try, Try again.
Total Abstinence proclaim—
 Sign the Pledge—then spread the **same**
 Let each try to get a name.
 Try, Try, Try again.
- 5 List as many as you can;
 Try, Try, Try again.
 On the safe "tee-total" plan:
 Try, Try, Try again
 Soon our "Army" will embrace
 All the lovers of our race,
 The sober, take the drunkard's place
 Try, Try, Try again.
- 6 "Here's the Pic-nic! who will take—
 Cry, Cry, Cry again.
 'Twill good soldiers always make:
 Cry, Cry, Cry again.
 Temperance stories it will tell,
 All who take it, like it well;
 Here I come, I come to sell."
 Cry, Cry, Cry again

The Drink that's in the Drunkard's Bowl.

Andantino.

1. The drink that's in the drunkard's bowl, Is

not the drink for *me*; It kills his bo - dy

and his soul; How sad a sight is *he*! But

there's a drink which God hath given, Distilling in the

showers of heaven, In measures large and free, O

that's the drink for me, O that's the drink for

me, O that's the drink for me.

2 The stream that many prize so high,
 Is not the stream for me;
 For he who drinks it still is dry,
 Forever dry he'll be.
 But there's a stream so cool and clear,
 The thirsty traveller lingers near,
 Refreshed and glad is he;
 O, that's the *stream* for me.

3 The winecup that so many prize,
 Is not the cup for me;
 The aching head, the bloated face,
 In its sad train I see.
 But there's a cup of water pure,
 And he who drinks it may be sure
 Of health and length of days;—
 O, that's the *cup* for me.

Song for Independent Day.

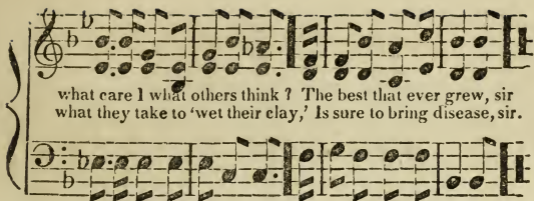
TUNE—"Yankee Doodle."

1. Cold wa - ter is the drink for me, Of
 2. Your ar - ti - fi - cial drinks are made, The

all the drinks the best, sir; Your grog, of whate'er name it be,
 ap-pe - tite to please, sir, And help along the honest trade,

I dare not for to taste, sir. Give me Jame nature's
 Of those who live at ease, sir. But those who buy, most

on - ly drink, And I can make it do, sir; Then
 dear-ly pay For all such drinks as these, sir; For,



3. Your logwood wine is very fine,
 I think they call it "Port," sir ;
 You'll know it by this certain sign,
 Its roughness in the throat, sir.
 'T is true that Yankees are most shrewd,
 And wooden nutmegs make, sir ;
 But who'd have thought Port wine was brew'd
 This side the big salt lake, sir.
4. We need not send to Portugal,
 Nor go to good old Spain, sir ;
 The best of wine is at our call,
 Port, Lisbon, or Champaigne, sir.
 They'll make us any kind we choose,
 Without the aid of grape, sir
 And when 't is done, will not refuse
 A price to make it take, sir.
- b. Some love to swig New England rum,
 And some do Cider choose, sir ;
 But, so they only make "drunk come,"
 No matter *what* they use, sir.
 But I'll not touch the poisonous stuff,
 Since all the brooks are free, sir ;
 Give me cold water, 't is enough,
 That cannot injure me, sir.

Cold Water Song.

Allegro. mf AIR.—“*Before all lands,*” &c [By permission.]

Before all causes East or West, I love the temp'rance

cause the best—I love its cheerful greetings; I love the tales the

speakers tell, The songs we sing while echoes swell At

our Cold Water Meetings. At our Cold Water Meetings.

2 Before all laws, or East or West,
 I count the law of Love the best—
 Its accents mildly spoken,
 Will harmless make the poisoned bowl—
 Bind up the wounded, and control
 The heart that's almost broken.

3 Before all people East or West,
 I love the Temperance men the best,
 I love their noble spirit!
 In generous *deeds*, not words, they deal;
 They have at heart the poor man's weal—
 All praise their efforts merit.

4 To all the world I give my hand—
 My heart is with that noble band,
 Cold Water Army brothers;
 God speed and prosper every plan
 That strives to bless poor sinful man,
 But this before all others.

—◆—
Cold Water Round.

The musical score is written in 6/8 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of four staves, each with a different starting measure number (1, 2, 3, 4) and ending measure number (2, 3, 4, 1). The lyrics are: "We love cold wa - - ter, We love cold wa - - ter, We love cold water, and we'll Drink it all our days."

The Pledge.

1. { O what's the pledge good for, if it will not re-
 O what's the pledge good for, if it will not en-

main Through hours of temp - ta - tion, thro' torments and pain? }
 dure, Keep us free from indulgence, from temptation secure? }

Then wake ! drunkard, wake ! I am coming for thee, This

night and for - ev - er, thy friend I will be.

2 Oh, what's the pledge good for, if it will not defend,
Keep safely through life and make happy the end?

Oh, what's the pledge good for, if we may not extend
The hand of true friendship—be th' Inebriate's friend?

Then wake, drunkard, wake, I am coming for thee,
This night and forever, thy friend I will be.

3 Oh, what's the pledge good for, if it will not protect,
Be the friend of all freed men, the standard erect?

Oh, what's the pledge good for, which God has so blessed,
But to save the poor drunkard, and relieve the oppressed?

Then wake, drunkard, wake, I am coming for thee,
This night and forever, thy friend I will be

4 Oh, what's the pledge good for, but to spread through
the land

The manifold blessings that fall from her hand?

Then take the pledge, freeman, and bless'd be the day,
When you cast so far from you, the curs'd cup away.

Then wake, drunkard, wake, I am coming for thee,
This night and forever, thy friend I will be.

5 Oh, what's the pledge good for, that is freeing our land
From the scourge of intemperance, by the aid of God's
hand?

Oh, what's the pledge good for, but to lengthen our days?

Let us joy in her freedom, as we pass o'er her ways.

Then wake, drunkard, wake, I am coming for thee,
This night and forever, thy friend I will be.

6 How glorious the spark that enkindled the flame!

How happy the thousands that rejoice in its fame!

How glorious the breeze that so caused it to glow!

How happy the drunkard relieved from his wo!

Then wake, drunkard, wake, I am coming for thee,
This night and forever, thy friend I will be.

6 Oh, blessed be the day when the South sent the word
In numbers, sweet numbers, its echoes were heard;

Oh, hail it with pleasure, rejoice every man—

For the rumseller's days are reduced to a span!

Then wake, drunkard, wake, I am coming for thee,
This night and forever, thy friend I will be.

Water, Water, Pure Cold Water.

Words by E. D. H. Pleasant Height.

Music by G. F. R.

1. Cloudlets on the summer sky, Pal - - a - ces and

2. Meadows, lovely to the view, Spread-ing far a-
Duet.

tem - ples fair, Form-ing in the up - per air

long and wide, What hath given your waving pride,

What are ye that please the eye? Wa-ter, Wa-ter,

And your robes of ver - dant hue? Wa-ter, Wa-ter,

Pure cold wa-ter, all the sun-ny clouds re-ply.

Pure cold wa-ter, gen - tle rain; and evening dew

III.

Plant oak, majestic tree,
 Lifting up thy mighty form
 To the lightning and the storm,
 Answer, what hath nourished thee?
 "Water, water, pure cold water"
 Shouts the kingly oak in glee.

IV.

Rose,—thou blush of modest Spring,
 Lily, resting like a swan
 Snowy white the wave upon,
 What hath given the hues ye bring?
 "Water, water, pure cold water!"
 Rose and lily sweetly sing.

V.

Little lambs upon the lea
 Bounding here and there away,
 What is 't ye have drunk to-day.—
 Rosy wine, to give you glee?
 "No, 't is water, pure cold water!"
 And the lambs haveaped jycusly.

VI.

Valleys sm7 ng to the day,
 Where the merry mower's 7777
 Murmurs on the breeze along,
 What hath drest your fields so gay?
 "Water, water, pure cold water!"
 All the blooming valleys say.

VII.

Deserts, with your seas of sand,
 Where the hungry lion growls,
 And the Arab robber prowls,
 What can cheer your thirsty land?
 "Water, water, pure cold water."
 From the bounteous Giver's hand."

VIII.

Tree and herb, and living thing,
 All that can make glad the earth;
 Since your power, and life and worth,
 And your varied beauties spring
 From the water, pure cold water,
 Be it in the songs we sing.

IX.

Where the crystal waters run,
 Fill the bowl, and fill it high,
 And ring out your joyous cry—
 'This shall be our drink alone,
 Sparkling water, pure cold water,
 Till our days of life are done."

The Connecticut Cold Water Army.

Words from Temp. Hymn Book.

Music by C. J. Warren.

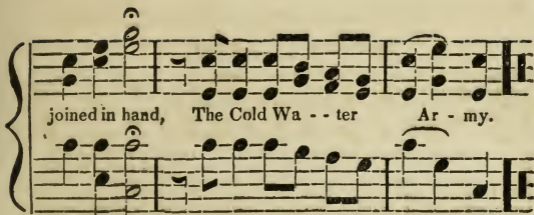
Lively.

1. U - - ni - ted in a peaceful band, To

drive In-temp - rance from our land, We're joined in heart, and

joined in hand— The Cold Wa - ter Ar - my;

The Cold Wa - ter Ar - my, We're joined in heart and



II.

We'll raise our happy voices high
 In loudest accents to the sky;
 While heaven and earth shall then reply—
 The Cold Water Army.

III.

We'll make the woods and valleys ring
 With loudest echoes while we sing,
 While all around re-echoes bring,
 The Cold Water Army.

IV.

O Lord, let now a copious shower,
 Of grace descending on us pour,
 Nor let one blighting prospect lower
 The Cold Water Army.

V.

O may we meet around thy throne,
 To praise Thee there, in strains unknown
 And flowers of love and peace be strown,
 The Cold Water Army.

Total Abstinence Hymn.

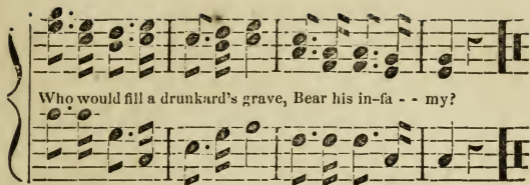
TUNE—*Scots wha hae.*

1. Friends of freedom swell the song, Young and old the

strain pro-long, Make the temp'rance ar-my strong

On to vic-to-ry. Lift your ban-ners

let them wave; On-ward march a world to save;



Who would fill a drunkard's grave, Bear his in-fa - - my?

2. Shrink not when the foe appears;
Spurn the coward's guilty fears;
Hear the shrieks, behold the tears
Of ruined families !

Raise the cry in ev'ry spot—
"Touch not—taste not—handle not !"
Who would be a drunken sot?
Worst of miseries !

3. Give the aching bosom rest;
Carry joy to every breast;
Make the wretched drunkard blest!
Living soberly.

Raise the glorious watchword high—
"Touch not—taste not—till you die!"
Let the echo reach the sky,
Earth keep jubilee.

4. God of mercy! hear us plead,
For thy help we intercede;
See how many bosoms bleed;
Heal them speedily.
Hasten, Lord, the happy day,
When, beneath thy gentle ray,
Temp'rance all the world shall sway,
Reign triumphantly

Overthrow of Alcohol.

TUNE — *America.*

1. It comes, the joyful day, When alcohol's proud sway,

A curse to man— Shall to the ground be hurl'd;

The Temp'rance flag un - furl'd Shall wave through -

out the world In ev' - ry land.

- 2 Then let the drunkards hear,
And every one draw near,
 And sign the pledge
Alone you shall not stand,
For over all the land
Is found a noble band,
 By vow engaged.
- 3 And moderate drinkers too,
The voice addresses you,
 Come, go along.
You surely are to blame
While in the drinking train
For alcohol has slain
 His thousands strong.
- 4 This work may soon be done,
If all unite as one,
 To push it on.
Then shall the *truth* and *right*
O'er all prevail in fight,
And all the world unite
 In one glad song.
- 5 For since Goliath's dead,
The Philistines are fled
 In wild dismay.
Then let us gladly bring
Our thanks, and loudly sing,
Through David's God and sling
 We've won the day

ler's Farewell to his Whiskey.

AIR, BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

1 Farewell whisky! Tears are streaming From my

red and swol-len eyes; I in gems and ros - es

beaming, Bid Fare-well to all our ties:

Farewell Brandy! now I leave thee Joy and hope my

be-som swill. I can't trust thee, you do -

ceive me, Farewell monster! Fare thee well.

2 Farewell Porter! thou art smiling,
 Yet there's poison in thy flow;
 Long you've tempted me, beguiling,
 Chaining me when I would go.
 Farewell Toddy! thou didst curse me,
 E'er my lips thy name could tell;
 See the wounds where you've caress'd me,
 Vile seducer, fare thee well.

3 Farewell drinking! now I leave thee,
 Thinking all my sorrows o'er;
 Every thought of thee must grieve me,
 Though I shun thee ever more.
 Harken brothers who deride me,
 I to thee a tale can tell;
 Come and join with scores beside me,
 And bid tippling haunts fare well.

Song of Temperance.

TUNE.—“Tyrolese Song of Liberty.”

Music adapted by Wm. H. Graham, Song by Henry S. Farwell.

1. Mer-ri - ly ev-ery bosom boundeth, Mer-ri - ly
 2. Weari - ly ev-ery bosom pin-eth, Weari - ly

oh! Merri - ly oh! Where the song of temp'rance
 oh! Weari - ly oh! Where the weed intemp'rance

soundeth, Mer-ri - ly oh! Mer-ri - ly oh! There the
 twin-eth, Weari - ly oh! Wea - ri - ly oh! There the

parent's smile hath more brightness, there the youthful heart hath more
 parent's smile Dieth in sadness There the youthful heart Hath no

lightness, Every joy the home sur - roundeth, Mer-ri - ly
 glad-ness, Every flower of life de - - clin-eth, Weari - ly

oh! Mer-ri - ly oh! Mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly
 oh! Weari - ly oh! Weari-ly, wea-ri - ly, wea-ri - ly

oh! Mer-ri - ly oh! Mer-ri - ly oh oh
 oh! Weari - ly oh! Weari - ly oh

3

Cheerily then awake the chorus,
 Cheerily oh! cheerily oh!
 All our way is light before us,
 Cheerily oh! cheerily oh!
 If a virtuous life
 Hath more pleasure,
 Than where care and strife
 Fill each measure,
 Cheerily oh! cheerily
 Cheerily cheerily, cheerily, oh!
 Cheerily oh! cheerily oh!

Cold Water Boy's Hurray.

WORDS BY E. D. H.

MUSIC BY G. F. L.

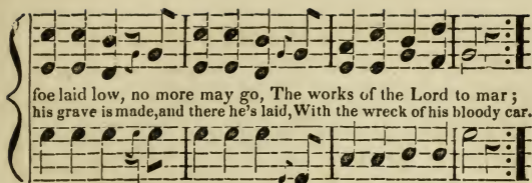
In some of the verses the small notes should be sung and the slurs observed

1 Ho, for the day which is dawning so bright,

The star of te - to - tal hath ushered it in,

Sorrow and mourning have fled in the light, And

ter - ror hath stricken the ar - my of sin, The
But



2

Come on then come, and we'll all rejoice,
And leap on the grave of the slaughtered foe:
Our glorious Army of girls and boys,
Have laid the pride of the Spoiler low.
One shout give out, as we close the route,
To the light of our morning star,
Loud ring the peal till the green woods reel,
And echo the wild HURRAH!

3

Pour it again for the Cold Water Boys,
Who've joined the ranks of our fearless band,
Roll it out like a single voice,
Till the shout is heard all over the land;
Yea pour, one more like a torrent's roar,
Till the clouds above us jar;
And yon blue sky shall shake to the cry
Of our brave HURRAH! HURRAH!

4

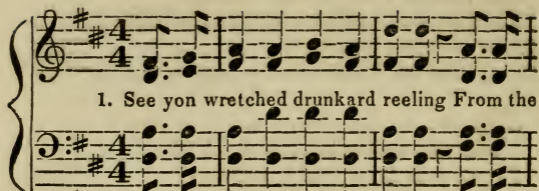
And now for the girls, the fair *wee girls*,
Who trip it so gay in our victor dance,
We'll send the shout, till the still air whirls
High up and away in the blue expanse;
Well done, each one, in the race ye've begun,
In the field of the bloodless war;
Peal high and aloud, the chorus proud,
HURRAH! HURRAH! HURRAH!

5

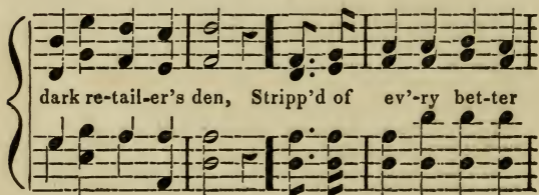
Now for our fathers, and mothers, and friends,
And all who've fought in the glorious strife,
Ere yet our song of rejoicing ends,
We'll give one round, with fire and life;
Send out the shout, around about,
All over our lines afar;
Hurrah then! Hurrah again!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

The Pledge.

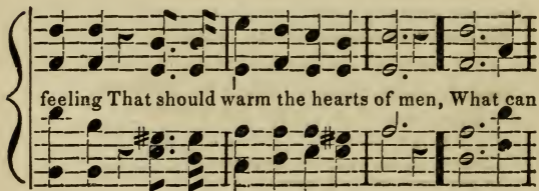
MUSIC, by LOWELL MASON.—WORDS, by E. D. H.



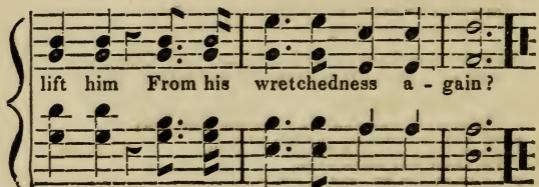
1. See yon wretched drunkard reeling From the



dark re-tail-er's den, Stripp'd of ev'-ry bet-ter



feeling That should warm the hearts of men, What can



lift him From his wretchedness a - gain?

i

See yon wretched drunkard reeling
From the dark retailer's den,
Stripp'd of every better feeling
That should warm the hearts of men
What can lift him
From his wretchedness again?

2

'Tis the Pledge, which binds in union
All our brothers' hearts as one,
'Tis the holy, sweet communion
Of the Pure in unison,—
Join us brother!
And thy wretchedness is done.

3

Young and old, in strength and beauty,
Warm of heart, and firm of limb,
Sign it! 'tis a blessed *duty*,
Sign it! for the love of him
In whose spirit
Burns the fire of manhood dim

4

Sign it! that the weeping mothers
May rejoice in hope once more,
Sign it! that your friends and brothers
May be rescued from the power
Of the spoiler,
Who is lurking to devour.

5

By the utter degradation
Of the drunkard's murder'd soul,
By your own blood-bought salvation,
Sign! and fling away the bowl,
And forever
Spurn the sateless fiend's control.

Pleasant Height, 1843.

E. D. H.

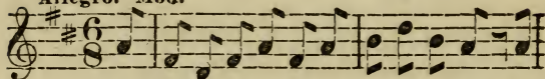
The nice Brighton Drover.

Written by C. W. Denison.

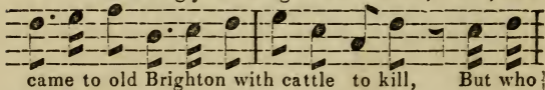
AIR.—The Hobbies



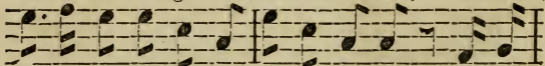
Allegro. Mod.



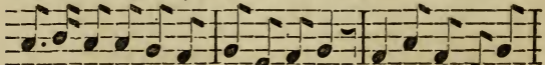
1. I'll sing you a song of the Drover, I will, Tha



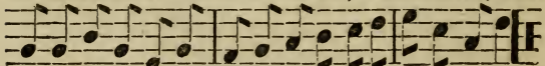
came to old Brighton with cattle to kill, But who



lost all his drove, in a lit-tle rum till! But who



lost all his drove in a lit-tle rum till; O the Drover, The



nice Brighton Drover, Who lost all his drove in a little rum till.

I

I'll sing you a song of the Drover, I will,
 Who came to old Brighton with cattle to kill,
 But who lost all his drove in—a little rum till!

O, the Drover,
 The nice Brighton Drover,
 Who lost all his drove in—a little rum till!

II

He came at a time—I shan't name it 'twas one day
 'Twixt Saturday night and the morning of Monday,
 To him and to many such journeyers fun-day!

O, the Drover,
 The nice Brighton Drover,
 Who lost all his drove in—a little rum till!

III

His cattle were hungry—and well might they be;
 His cattle were dry too—but drier was he!
 Yet the cattle kept sober—while he had a spree!

O, the Drover,
 The nice Brighton Drover,
 Who lost all his drove in—a little rum till!

IV

When he entered the *Inn* all the drove was his own,
 But when tumbled *out* in the gutter alone,
 He had not a hide, nor a hoof, nor a bone!

O, the Drover,
 The nice Brighton Drover,
 Who lost all his drove in—a little rum till!

V

The cattle drank hard—but the drover drank harder!
 They stuffed from the mow, and he sipped from the
 larder

They were scraped by a card—he was skinned by a
 O, the drover, [carder!
 The nice Brighton Drover,
 Who lost all his drove in—a little rum till!

VI

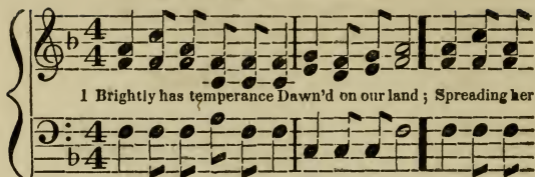
He staggered them up to the bar from the stall,
 Where he gulped them in rum—heads and horns, tails
 And the sheriff politely soon made him a—call! [and all'

O, the drover,
 The nice Brighton Drover,
 Who lost all his drove in—a little rum till!

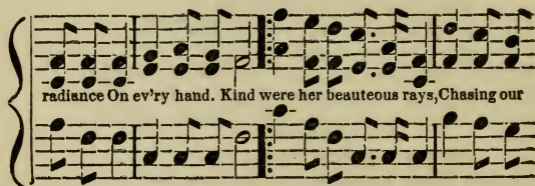
Newton, Mass.

Brightly has Temperance.

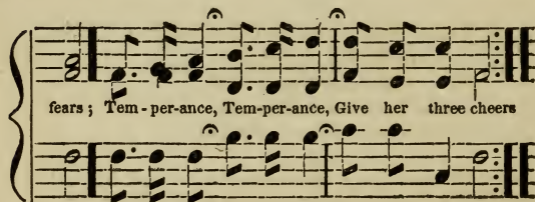
AIR—Gaily the Troubadour.



1 Brightly has temperance Dawn'd on our land ; Spreading her



radiance On ev'ry hand. Kind were her beauteous rays, Chasing our



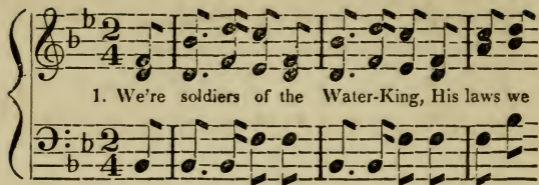
fears ; Tem - per - ance, Tem - per - ance, Give her three cheers

2 Richly she brought us, too,
Blessings of peace ;
Giving the heart of wo
Joyful release.
Tidings of gladness she
Brought to our ears :
Temperance, temperance,
Give her three cheers !

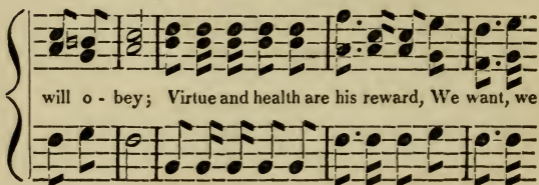
- 3 Food with her visit comes,
Cheering the soul;
Bringing our needy homes
Bread to use full.
She wipes, with Mercy's hand,
Want's briny tears:
Temperance, temperance,
Give her three cheers!
- 4 Raiment of goodly store,
Where'er she goes,
She, on the tatter'd poor,
Freely bestows.
Banish, you needy ones,
All your dark cares:
Temperance, temperance,
Give her three cheers!
- 5 Those whom the Demon's will,
Turned out of door,
She, with her magic skill,
Shelters once more.
Home with its joys again,
For them appears:
Temperance, temperance,
Give her three cheers!
- 6 Oft in her track there flies
A message of grace,
Bringing from upper skies
Pardon and peace
This all her other joys
Richly endears:
Temperance, temperance,
Give her three cheers'

The Water King.

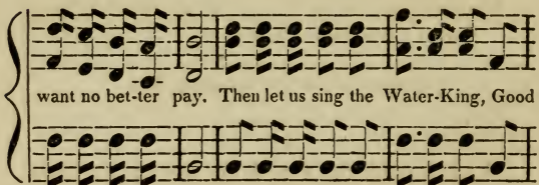
MUSIC, by *Asa. R. Trowbridge*



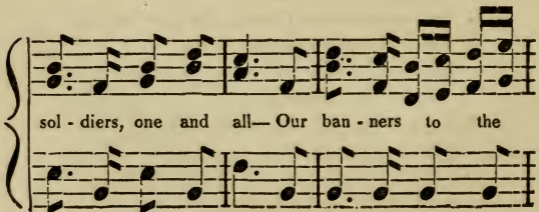
1. We're soldiers of the Water-King, His laws we



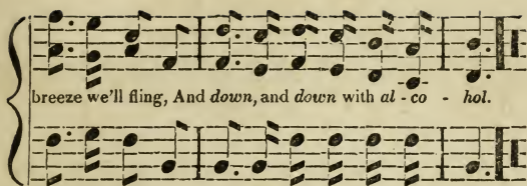
will o - bey; Virtue and health are his reward, We want, we



want no bet-ter pay. Then let us sing the Water-King, Good



sol - diers, one and all— Our ban - ners to the



2

We boast no sword or glittering spear,
 Ours is a bloodless crown—
 A purer, brighter, fairer thing
 Than conquerors ever won

CHO.—Then let us sing, &c.

3

Our strength is the living spring—
 As long as waters run,
 Or grass grows green, we're pledged to keep
 Our Temperance armor on.

CHO.—Then let us sing, &c.

4

What though the Fire-King mocks our hosts,
 As great Goliath did,
 We've temperance Davids in our ranks,
 Who'll bring away his head.

CHORUS.

Then let us sing the Water-King,
 Good soldiers, one and all—
 Our banners to the breeze we'll fling,
 And down with alcohol.

Enchanter of the Grove.

Music by Asa R. Trowbridge.

1. Stay, fel-low soldier, stay a - while, Leave not our

pic-nic grove so soon, Let us a - noth-er hour be-guile,

And let us sing another tune, And let us sing a - noth-er tune.

2

Once more, the table circle round,
Cold water's praises shout once more;
Let not a lukewarm heart be found,
But each one firmer than before.

3

And when the spring again returns,
Each soldier steadfast let us see,
As each heart now for temp'rance burns,
So may it thus and ever be.

Fountain.

AIR, taken from *S. S. Visiter*. WORDS, by *Geo. Russell*.

Limpid cooling fountain, Springing from the mountain,

Run-ning in the river: Thy sweet streams were given

By the God of Heaven, We will leave thee never.

2

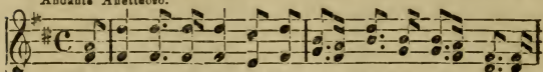
No, not alluring wine,
Our lips shall e'er incline
Nature's drink to leave.
Cold water cannot harm us,
No other drink shall charm us,
This cannot deceive

3

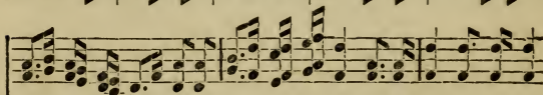
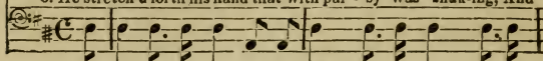
Give us water ever,
Mixed with *spirit* never,
While our life shall last:
We the pledge have taken,
Our faith shall be unshaken,
To handle not or taste

'There came for the Pledge.'

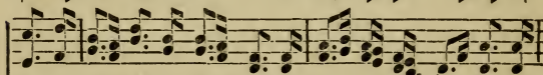
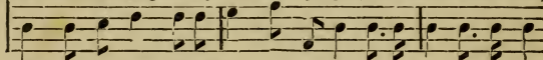
Written by F. W. Adlington. Air, Erin go Brah. Arranged by J. Plimpton
Andante Affettuoso.



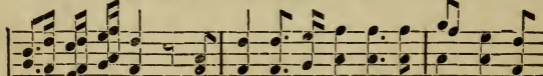
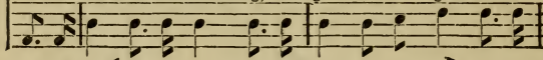
1. There came for the pledge a poor vic - tim of fol - ly; His
2. Intemp'rance had set her foul seal on his fea - tures, And
3. He stretch'd forth his hand that with pal - sy was shak - ing, And



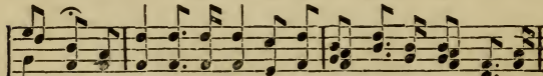
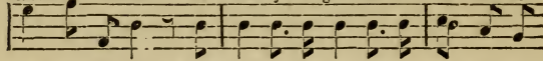
face bore the marks of con - tention and strife; With his children he came,
heart grind ing pov - erty claim'd him her own. You scarce could believe,
scarce could his fing - ers sup - port the light pen; He sobb'd as he wrote,



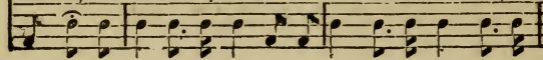
his poor Os - car and Rol - le, And her, the poor suff'rer, his
he was one of God's crea - tures, He look'd so un - man - ly, so
for his stout heart was break - ing; He sign'd - and a - gain he is



soul stricken wife. Oh! sad was his heart, as a - round him he
wretched and lone. He ask'd for the pledge, with a look of pe -
number'd with men. In - tent - ly he gaz'd on the re - cord be -



gazed, His wild str eing eyes with hard drinking were glazed, He
- ti - tion, And he eyed it all o'er with a look of con - tri - tion, 'Till
- fore him, While look'd his poor wife as she fain would a - dore him, Con -



felt like a stran-ger, a - sham'd and a - maz - ed, And
meek - ly he came to the pru - dent de - ci - sion, 'Twere
-vinc'd that the pledge would to vir - tue re - store him, And

seem'd un - de - cid - ed to tar - ry or go.
saf - est to sign it and scape from his foe.
give her own hus - band a gain to her heart.

4

'Tis done—he exclaim'd, while h. Mirein clung round him,
And kissing his fingers his little on stand;
'Tis done—never more shall the ROYAL CHIEF—confound him,
Grow rich by the toil of an Irishman's hand.
As one that is rous'd from a dream that oppresses,
And wakes to the joy of his loved ones' caresses.
So looked the reform'd as his Mirein he blesses,
And vows from his promise to never depart.

5

There came to the church a fair daughter of Erin,
While two lovely children her footsteps attend;
'Tis she, the once wret:ed, but now happy Mirein,
Who leans on the arm of her husband and friend.
There's a tear on her cheek from the fountain of pleasure,
A smile on her lip as she looks on her treasure,
While gratitude springs in her heart without measure
For blessings that blot out the mem'ry of pain.

6

They came to the Altar where penitents gather,
And breathe their thanksgiving to God's holy name;
That he, the lov'd husband, and now honor'd father,
is pluck'd like a brand from the furnace of shame.
Oh, who that has look'd on a scene so endearing,
For lucre would ruin a prospect so cheering,
And blight the fond hopes of the sweet Rose of Erin,
And lure a free'd soul to his fetters again

The Water-King.

WORDS, BY HODGES REED.

FURNISHED, BY WM. RICHARDSON

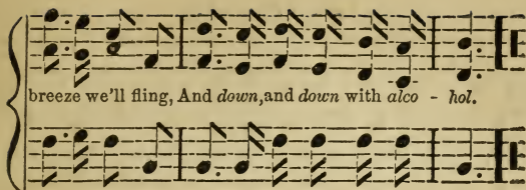
1. We're soldiers of the Wa-ter King, His

laws we will obey; Virtue and health are his reward, We

want no bet - ter pay. Then let us sing the

Chorus.

Wa - ter-King, Good soldiers one and all— Our



2

We boast no sword or glittering spear,
 Ours is the bloodless crown —
 A purer, brighter, fairer thing
 Than conquerors ever won.

CHO.— Then let us sing, &c.

3

Our strength is the living spring —
 As long as waters run,
 Or grass grows green, we're pledged to keep
 Our Temperance armor on.

CHO.— Then let us sing, &c.

4

What though the Fire-King mocks our hosts,
 As great Goliath did,
 We've temperance Davids in our ranks,
 Who'll bring away his head.

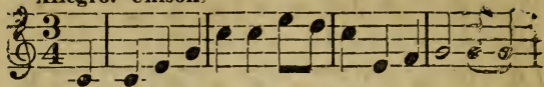
CHORUS.

Then let us sing the Water-King,
 Good soldiers, one and all —
 Our banners to the breeze we'll fling,
 And *down* with *alcohol*.

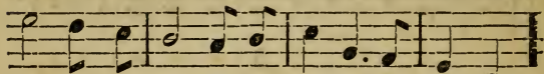
The Clarion.

Ain, Arranged from Star Spangled Banner.

Allegro. Unison.

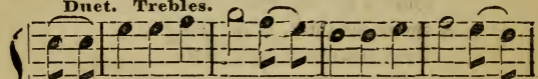


1. The clarion, the clarion of freedom now sounds, From

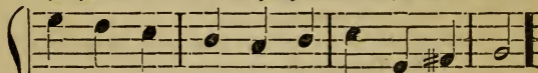
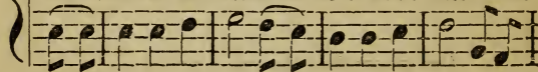


the east to the west In - de - pend - ence re - sounds:

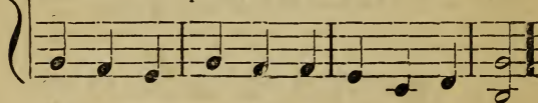
Duet. Trebles.



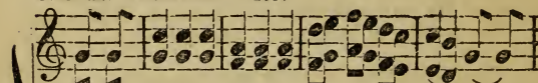
From the hills and the streams and the far distant skies Let the



shout In - de pend - ence from al - co - hol rise.

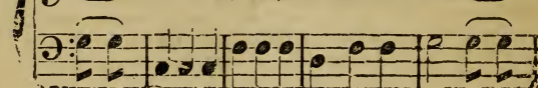
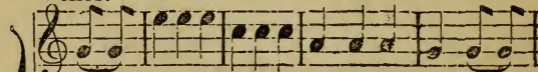


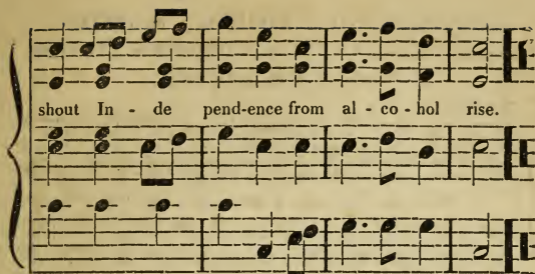
Chorus. Treble and Alto.



From the hills and the streams, and the far distant skies Let the

Tenor.





2

The army, the army have taken the field,
 The hosts of cold water no never will yield;
 From fountains refreshed animation now glows,
 With ardor immortal they rush on their foes.

3

The armor, the armor that gilds every breast,
 Is the hope of deliverance for thousands distrest;
 With words of persuasion we call on the throng,
 Desert the black banner and join in our song.

4

The banners, the banners of freedom now wave,
 Lo the eagle now covers the ranks of the brave;
 With the shout Independence creation shall sing
 From the cruel taxation of alcohol king.

5

The conflict, the conflict will shortly be o'er,
 And the Demon Intemperance triumph no more
 O'er the tears and the sighs and premature graves.
 See the flag of our freedom eternally waves.

6

The empire, the empire of freedom divine,
 Like the gray vault of heaven forever shall shine
 Then as wide as creation her blessings shall roll,
 And a star of new glory illumine each pole

7

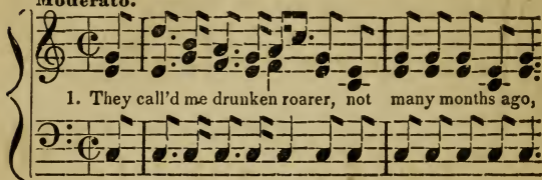
The laurel, the laurel unfading shall wave,
 On the brows that have rescued their friends from the grave
 And the thanks of a nation forever be given
 To the heroes immortal, co-workers with heaven.

They Call'd me Drunken Roarer.

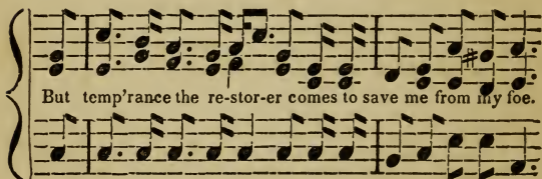
ADAPTED TO THE AIR OF "O CRUEL." ARRANGED BY J PLIMPTON.

WORDS, by F. M. ADLINGTON.

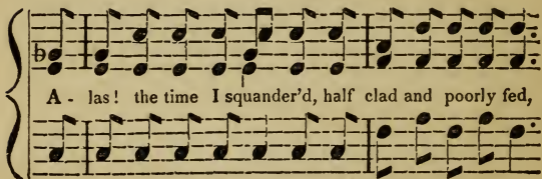
Moderato.



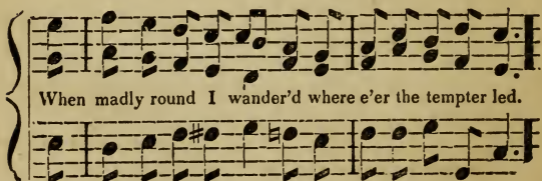
1. They call'd me drunken roarer, not many months ago,



But temp'rance the re-stor-er comes to save me from my foe.



A - las! the time I squander'd, half clad and poorly fed,



When madly round I wander'd where e'er the tempter led.

CHORUS.

Be thankful, O be thankful, lift up the grateful voice, The

slave has burst his galling chains, rejoice, my soul, rejoice.

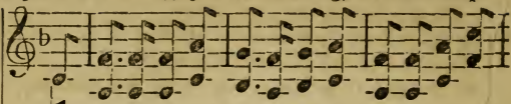
- 2 The females once would shy me, or drop the pitying tear,
 The men pass'd scornful by me, then the boys call'd out to jeer.
 'Twas there goes drunken Blarney, the Lazy Lounging Cur,
 But now its *Mister Barney Sir*, I'm glad to see you, *Sir*.
 CHORUS. Be thankful, &c.

- 3 The females now, oh bless them, politely, kindly smile,
 The men when I address them, now no longer treat me vile,
 The boys who sported freely, when I got tipsy high,
 Now touch their caps genteely O, or bowing pass me by.
 CHORUS. Be thankful, &c.

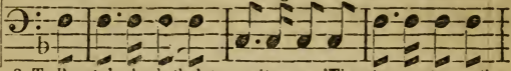
The very dogs who knew me, when I was Barney Blue,
 No more in wrath pursue me now, but whine a 'how do you do,
 O Temp'rance the restorer, thy quick'ning power I feel,
 No more the drunken roarer now, but Temp'rance firm as steel.
 CHORUS. Be thankful, &c.

- 5 Oh may all Temp'rance Teachers like Father Mathew thrive,
 And like a band of brothers all in peace and friendship live.
 Bless every Washingtonian, and may they never tire,
 'Till all the world in union firm, make one great 'Temp'rance Choir
 CHORUS Be thankful, &c.

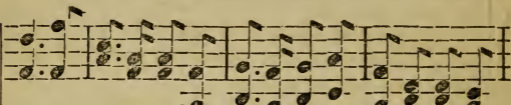
There's strength and beauty in our cup.



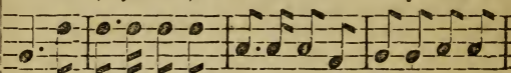
1. Shall e'er cold water be forgot When we sit down to



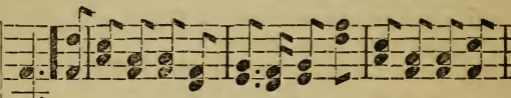
2. To Beauty's cheek, tho' strange it seemz, 'Tis not more strange than



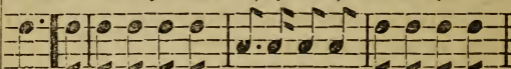
dine? O no, my friends, for is it not Pour'd out by hands di-



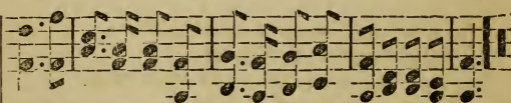
true, Cold Water, tho' itself so pale, Imparts the rosiest



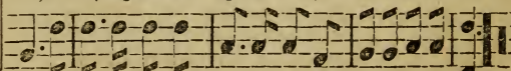
vine? Pour'd out by hands divine, my friends, Pour'd out by hands di-



hue, Imparts the rosiest hue, my friends, Imparts the rosiest



vine; From springs and wells it gushes forth, Pour'd out by hands divine.



hue, Yes, Beauty in a water-pail Doth find her rosiest hue.

3 Cold water too, (though wonderful,
'Tis not less true, again)—
The weakest of all earthly drinks,
Doth make the strongest men.
Doth make the strongest men, my friends,
Doth make the strongest men;
Then let us take that weakest drink,
And grow the strongest men.

4 I've seen the bells of tulips turn,
To drink the drops that fell
From summer clouds;—then why should not
The two lips of a belle?
The two lips of a belle, my friends,
The two lips of a belle?
What sweetens more than water pure
The two lips of a belle?

The sturdy oak full many a cup
Doth hold up to the sky,
To catch the rain; then drinks it up,
And thus the oak *gets high*:
'Tis thus the oak gets high, my friends,
'Tis thus the oak gets high;
By having water in its cups,
Then why not you and I?

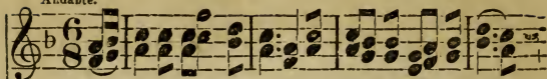
6 Then let cold water armies give
Their banners to the air;
So shall the boys like oaks be strong,
The girls like tulips fair;
The girls like tulips fair, my friends,
The girls like tulips fair,
The boys shall grow like sturdy oaks,
The girls like tulips fair

'Roll on, thou Temp'rance River.'

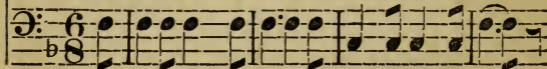
AIR,—*Blue Eyed Mary.*

Arranged by *J. Plimpton.*

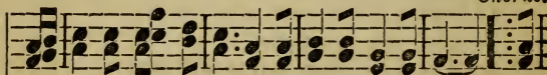
Andante.



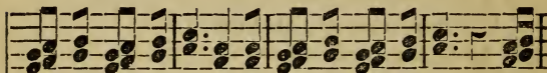
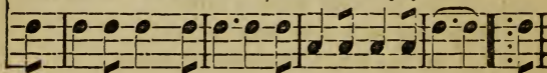
1. Roll on, thou temp'rance river! A branch we are of thee;
2. A small and noiseless streamlet, We're winding t'wards that shore
3. Come all ye smiling beauties, Ye matrons, too, ap - pear;
4. There's virtue in this goblet, Young men we drink to you;



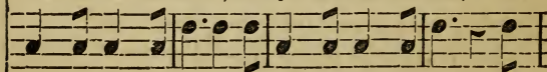
Chorus.



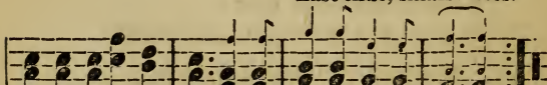
Our land we must de - liv - er, From Bacchus wash her free. **CO: D**
 Where temp'rance's sparkling sea yet Will a broad ocean roar.
 Come, now perform your du - ties, Come, pledge to water clear.
 Pure nec - tar now flows from it, 'Tis Hermon's spicy dew.



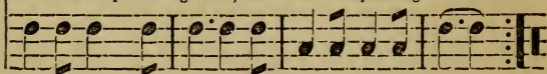
WA - TER is our mot - to, From pur - est foun - tains flow, Dis -



Last time, small notes.



-till'd from deep - est grottos, And from the sparkling snow.



Son of Sorrow.

TUNE—*Mount Vernon.*

1. Son of sorrow, son of sorrow, Whither bendest thou thy way;

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a 2/4 time signature, and the lower staff is in bass clef with a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style with eighth and quarter notes.

Who hath hope for thee tomorrow, What enjoyment has to day?

The second system of music also consists of two staves in treble and bass clefs with a 2/4 time signature. The melody continues from the first system.

2 False excitement, maddening ever,
Fills thy fever heated brain,
This will save from sorrow never,
Leaving death, remorse and pain.

3 Son of sorrow ! son of sorrow !
Come with me, O come to day ;
Wait not—wait not till to morrow,
Leave, O leave delusion's way.

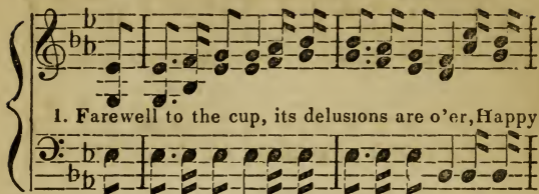
4 Where are now the babes thou loved ?
Where the wife thou held so dear ?
What has their affections proved ?
Son of madness, shed a tear !

5 Change thee ere thy doom is fixed,
Bringing everlasting gloom !
Flee, O flee the drunkard's madness !
Flee from madness and the tomb !

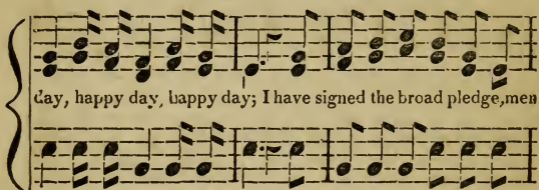
Farewell to the Cup.

AIR, "Farewell to my Harp."

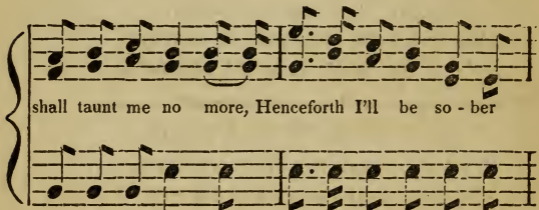
HARMONIZED BY G. F. R



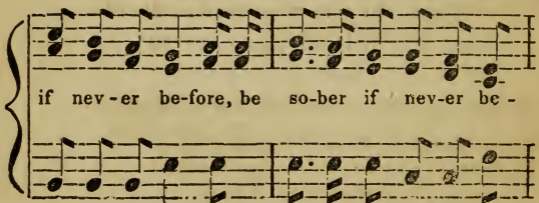
1. Farewell to the cup, its delusions are o'er, Happy



day, happy day, happy day; I have signed the broad pledge, men



shall taunt me no more, Henceforth I'll be so - ber



if nev - er be - fore, be so - ber if nev - er be -

fore: Farewell to the cup, its de - - lusions are o'er, Happy

day, hap - - py day, hap - py day.

2

To whiskey and gin, beer and cider farewell—
 Happy day, happy day, happy day;
 For language would fail all their mis'ries to tell:
 Bu' alone let them be, and then all will be well,
 To whiskey and gin, &c

3

The sparkling champagne, all its pleasure has lost—
 Happy day, happy day, happy day;
 For all the bright visions the tempter may boast,
 Will never half pay for the heart-aches they cost.
 The sparkling, &c.

4

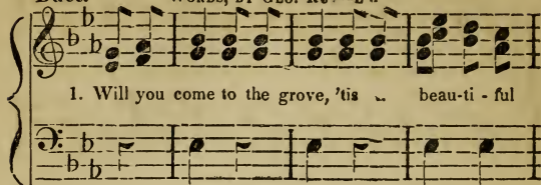
Oh! glorious time, when resolved ere too late—
 Happy day, happy day, happy day,
 We pledge all our lives to perpetual hate,
 To all kinds of drink that can intoxicate.
 Oh! glorious time, &c.

Will you come to the Grove.

Air, "WILL YOU COME TO THE BOWER." HARMONIZED BY G. F. H

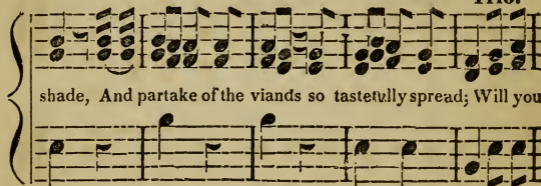
Duet.

WORDS, BY GEO. ROSS.

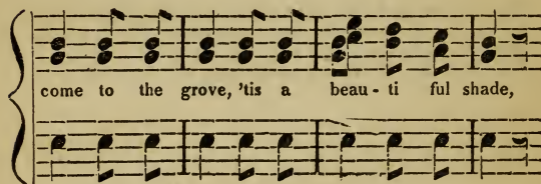


1. Will you come to the grove, 'tis beau-ti - ful

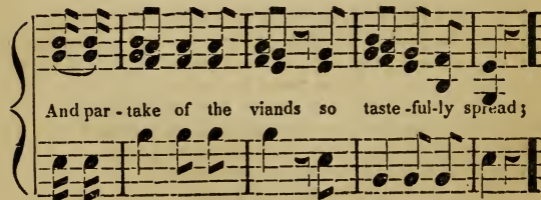
Trio.



shade, And partake of the viands so tastefully spread; Will you



come to the grove, 'tis a beau - ti ful shade,



And par - take of the viands so taste - ful - ly spread;

Duet.

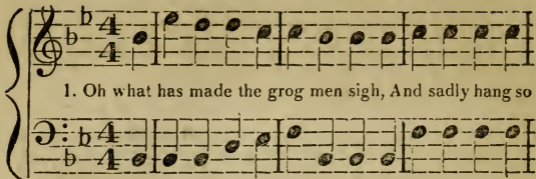
Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the grove?

Trío.

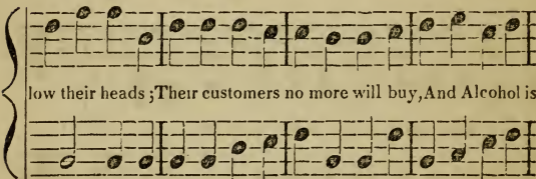
Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the grove?

- 2 Will you come to the spot where the evergreens grow,
Whose leaves drink the dew, and decay never know,
Will you, will you, will you, will you,
Come to the spot?
- 3 We will sportively chat, and will merrily sing,
While we drink of the water that flows from the spring,
Will you, will you, will you, will you,
Come to the grove!
- 4 Will you bring each his mate and invite him to sign,
The sweet pledge, the safe pledge, to drink water, not
Will you, will you, will you, will you, [wine
Each bring his mate?
- 5 'Tis the hope of our country, that pledge—it will save
Full many a youth from th' inebriate's grave,
Will you, will you, will you, will you,
All sign the pledge

Cheer up my lively Lads.

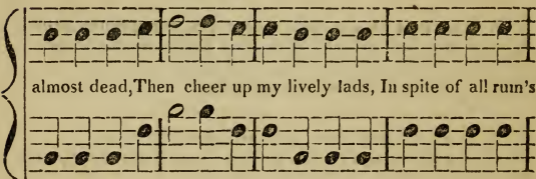


1. Oh what has made the grog men sigh, And sadly hang so

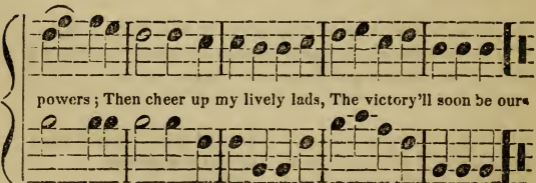


low their heads ; Their customers no more will buy, And Alcohol is

CHORUS.



almost dead, Then cheer up my lively lads, In spite of all run's



powers ; Then cheer up my lively lads, The victory'll soon be ours

2

But now I think we'll take our turn,
And as they often made us blue,
Their Brandy, Rum and Gin we'll burn,
And see if that wont lock so too.
Then cheer, &c.

3

Hurrah my lads we're coming on,
They're shaking now within their shoes,
The rum heads now most all are gone,
They soon will have no more to lose.

4

We're building forts all round the town,
And guns in plenty we have got;
We'll batter all the rum holes down,
For only turn coats aim the shot.

5

Then skout my lads, give three loud cheers,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, away;
The rascal's dead, we'll shed some tears,
But that we'll do some other dav.

6

The ladies all will to a man,
Turn out and help us onward too;
And every one do all she can,
To help the noble Cause quite through;

7

The grog men think that we are weak,
And that our feeble bands are few,
In thunder tones we soon will speak,
Ten thousand in each hardy crew.

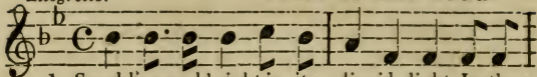
8

They've stood their ground quite long enough
Now corporal gin and captain rum
And every other nasty stuff,
Will shortly have to cut and run

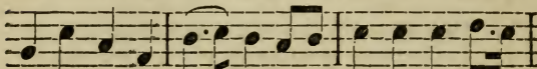
Temperance Glee.

Allegretto.

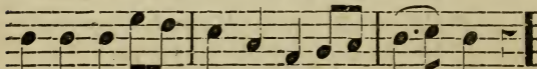
WORDS BY MRS. DANA.



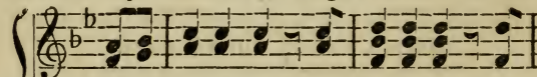
1. Sparkling and bright in its liquid light Is the
2. Bet - ter than gold is the water cold From the
3. Sorrow has fled from the heart that bled Of the



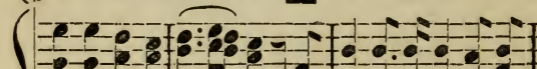
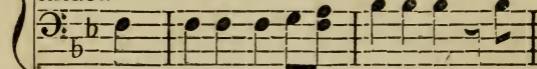
wa - ter in our glasses; 'Twill give you health, 'twill
crystal fountains flow - ing; A calm de - light both
weeping wife and moth - er: They've given up the



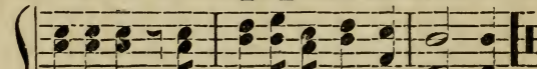
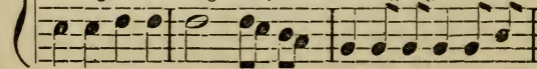
give you wealth, Ye lads and ro - sy lass - es.
day and night, To hap - py homes be - stow - ing.
poi - son'd cup, Son, husband, daughter, broth - er.



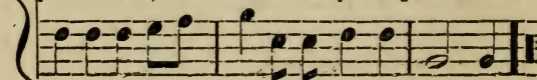
Oh then re - sign your ru - by wine each
CHORUS.



smil - ing son and daugh - ter; There's nothing so good for the



youthful blood, Or sweet as the spark - ling wa - ter.



The Bird's Song.

AIR, *Pirate's Serenade.* WORDS, by *Hodges Reed, Esq.*

Con spirito.

First system of musical notation, treble clef, 6/8 time signature, key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes.

I asked a sweet Robir, one morning in May, Who

Second system of musical notation, bass clef, 6/8 time signature, key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). The accompaniment consists of chords.

Third system of musical notation, treble clef, 6/8 time signature, key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). The melody continues with eighth and sixteenth notes.

sung in the apple tree over the way, What

Fourth system of musical notation, bass clef, 6/8 time signature, key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). The accompaniment consists of chords.

Fifth system of musical notation, treble clef, 6/8 time signature, key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). The melody continues with eighth and sixteenth notes.

'twas she was singing so sweetly about, For I'd

Sixth system of musical notation, bass clef, 6/8 time signature, key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). The accompaniment consists of chords.

Seventh system of musical notation, treble clef, 6/8 time signature, key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). The melody continues with eighth and sixteenth notes.

tried a long time, but I could not find out, "Why I'm

Eighth system of musical notation, bass clef, 6/8 time signature, key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb). The accompaniment consists of chords.

sure," she replied, "you cannot guess wrong Don't you

know I am singing a Temperance song, " Why I'm

sure," she replied, "you cannot guess wrong Don't you

know I am singing a Temperance song."

Temperance Watchword.

WORDS, BY CHAS. THURBER, ESQ. MUSIC, BY ASA R. TROWBRIDGE

Moderato.

1. Shout my soul, for thou hast spoken, I will drink that

bowl no more, God has help'd and I have broken

That strong chain that bound be - fore, Temp'rance now shall

be my watchword, Till my days on earth are o'er.

2

What a thralldom I was under,
 Crush'd beneath intemperance's reign,
 Reason, with her voice of thunder
 Could not break the galling chain;
 Weeping wife and starving children
 Plead with tears but plead in vain.

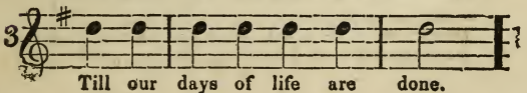
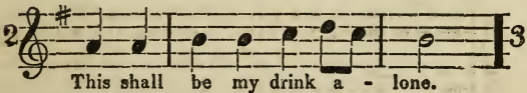
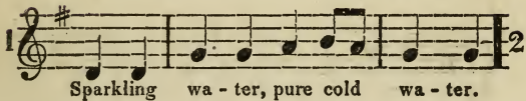
3

Sunk in vice and black pollution,
 Where no rays of comfort dart,
 Shame and scorn and destitution,
 Could not reach this slavish heart;
 Chains of adamant had bound me
 Far too strong to rend apart.

4

Thanks to God his grace has found me,
 Placed me on a solid shore;
 Father, let it still surround me,
 That I stray away no more;
 That alone has power to keep me
 Safely till my days are o'er.

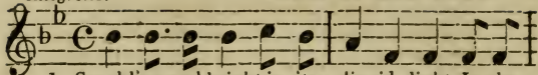
ROUND, SPARKLING WATER.



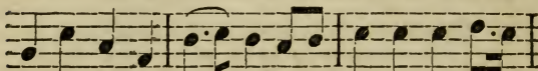
Temperance Glee.

Allegretto.

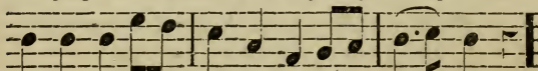
WORDS BY MRS. DANA.



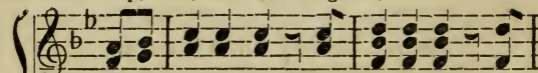
1. Sparkling and bright in its liquid light Is the
2. Bet - ter than gold is the water cold From the
3. Sorrow has fled from the heart that bled Of the



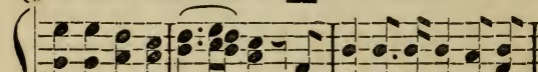
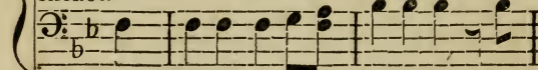
wa - ter in our glasses; 'Twill give you health, 'twill
crystal fountains flow - ing; A calm de - light both
weeping wife and moth - er: They've given up the



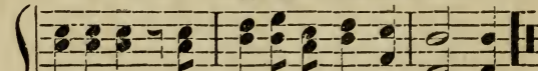
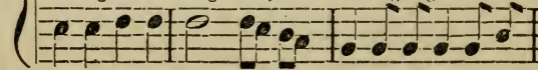
give you wealth, Ye lads and ro - sy lass - es.
day and night, To hap - py homes be - stow - ing.
poi - son'd cup, Son, husband, daughter, broth - er.



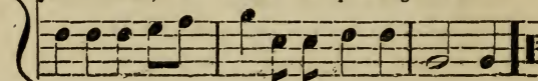
Oh then re - sign your ru - by wine each
CHORUS.



smil - ing son and daugh - ter; There's nothing so good for the



youthful blood, Or sweet as the spark - ling wa - ter.



The Bird's Song.

AIR, *Pirate's Serenade.* WORDS, by *Hodges Reed, Esq.*

Con spirito.

The first system of music is written on a treble clef staff. It begins with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb) and a 6/8 time signature. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some beamed pairs. The first measure contains a whole rest. The second measure starts with a half note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, Bb4, and C5. The third measure has eighth notes D5, Eb5, and F5. The fourth measure has eighth notes G5, Ab5, and Bb5. The fifth measure has eighth notes C6, Bb5, and Ab5. The sixth measure has eighth notes G5, F5, and Eb5. The seventh measure has eighth notes D5, C5, and Bb4. The eighth measure has eighth notes A4, G4, and F4. The ninth measure has eighth notes E4, D4, and C4. The tenth measure has eighth notes B3, Ab3, and G3. The eleventh measure has eighth notes F3, Eb3, and D3. The twelfth measure has eighth notes C3, Bb2, and Ab2. The thirteenth measure has eighth notes G2, F2, and Eb2. The system ends with a double bar line.

I asked a sweet Robir, one morning in May, Who

The second system of music is written on a bass clef staff. It continues the accompaniment from the first system. The first measure contains a whole rest. The second measure has a half note G3. The third measure has eighth notes A3, Bb3, and C4. The fourth measure has eighth notes D4, Eb4, and F4. The fifth measure has eighth notes G4, Ab4, and Bb4. The sixth measure has eighth notes C5, Ab4, and G4. The seventh measure has eighth notes F4, Eb4, and D4. The eighth measure has eighth notes C4, Bb3, and Ab3. The ninth measure has eighth notes G3, F3, and Eb3. The tenth measure has eighth notes E3, D3, and C3. The eleventh measure has eighth notes B2, Ab2, and G2. The twelfth measure has eighth notes F2, Eb2, and D2. The thirteenth measure has eighth notes C2, Bb1, and Ab1. The system ends with a double bar line.

The third system of music is written on a treble clef staff. It continues the melody from the first system. The first measure has eighth notes G4, A4, and Bb4. The second measure has eighth notes C5, Eb5, and F5. The third measure has eighth notes G5, Ab5, and Bb5. The fourth measure has eighth notes C6, Bb5, and Ab5. The fifth measure has eighth notes G5, F5, and Eb5. The sixth measure has eighth notes D5, C5, and Bb4. The seventh measure has eighth notes A4, G4, and F4. The eighth measure has eighth notes E4, D4, and C4. The ninth measure has eighth notes B3, Ab3, and G3. The tenth measure has eighth notes F3, Eb3, and D3. The eleventh measure has eighth notes C3, Bb2, and Ab2. The twelfth measure has eighth notes G2, F2, and Eb2. The system ends with a double bar line.

sung in the apple tree over the way, What

The fourth system of music is written on a bass clef staff. It continues the accompaniment from the second system. The first measure has a half note G3. The second measure has eighth notes A3, Bb3, and C4. The third measure has eighth notes D4, Eb4, and F4. The fourth measure has eighth notes G4, Ab4, and Bb4. The fifth measure has eighth notes C5, Ab4, and G4. The sixth measure has eighth notes F4, Eb4, and D4. The seventh measure has eighth notes C4, Bb3, and Ab3. The eighth measure has eighth notes G3, F3, and Eb3. The ninth measure has eighth notes E3, D3, and C3. The tenth measure has eighth notes B2, Ab2, and G2. The twelfth measure has eighth notes F2, Eb2, and D2. The system ends with a double bar line.

The fifth system of music is written on a treble clef staff. It continues the melody from the third system. The first measure has eighth notes G4, A4, and Bb4. The second measure has eighth notes C5, Eb5, and F5. The third measure has eighth notes G5, Ab5, and Bb5. The fourth measure has eighth notes C6, Bb5, and Ab5. The fifth measure has eighth notes G5, F5, and Eb5. The sixth measure has eighth notes D5, C5, and Bb4. The seventh measure has eighth notes A4, G4, and F4. The eighth measure has eighth notes E4, D4, and C4. The ninth measure has eighth notes B3, Ab3, and G3. The tenth measure has eighth notes F3, Eb3, and D3. The eleventh measure has eighth notes C3, Bb2, and Ab2. The twelfth measure has eighth notes G2, F2, and Eb2. The system ends with a double bar line.

'twas she was singing so sweetly about, For I'd

The sixth system of music is written on a bass clef staff. It continues the accompaniment from the fourth system. The first measure has a half note G3. The second measure has eighth notes A3, Bb3, and C4. The third measure has eighth notes D4, Eb4, and F4. The fourth measure has eighth notes G4, Ab4, and Bb4. The fifth measure has eighth notes C5, Ab4, and G4. The sixth measure has eighth notes F4, Eb4, and D4. The seventh measure has eighth notes C4, Bb3, and Ab3. The eighth measure has eighth notes G3, F3, and Eb3. The ninth measure has eighth notes E3, D3, and C3. The tenth measure has eighth notes B2, Ab2, and G2. The twelfth measure has eighth notes F2, Eb2, and D2. The system ends with a double bar line.

The seventh system of music is written on a treble clef staff. It continues the melody from the fifth system. The first measure has eighth notes G4, A4, and Bb4. The second measure has eighth notes C5, Eb5, and F5. The third measure has eighth notes G5, Ab5, and Bb5. The fourth measure has eighth notes C6, Bb5, and Ab5. The fifth measure has eighth notes G5, F5, and Eb5. The sixth measure has eighth notes D5, C5, and Bb4. The seventh measure has eighth notes A4, G4, and F4. The eighth measure has eighth notes E4, D4, and C4. The ninth measure has eighth notes B3, Ab3, and G3. The tenth measure has eighth notes F3, Eb3, and D3. The eleventh measure has eighth notes C3, Bb2, and Ab2. The twelfth measure has eighth notes G2, F2, and Eb2. The system ends with a double bar line.

tried a long time, but I could not find out, "Why I'm

The eighth system of music is written on a bass clef staff. It continues the accompaniment from the sixth system. The first measure has a half note G3. The second measure has eighth notes A3, Bb3, and C4. The third measure has eighth notes D4, Eb4, and F4. The fourth measure has eighth notes G4, Ab4, and Bb4. The fifth measure has eighth notes C5, Ab4, and G4. The sixth measure has eighth notes F4, Eb4, and D4. The seventh measure has eighth notes C4, Bb3, and Ab3. The eighth measure has eighth notes G3, F3, and Eb3. The ninth measure has eighth notes E3, D3, and C3. The tenth measure has eighth notes B2, Ab2, and G2. The twelfth measure has eighth notes F2, Eb2, and D2. The system ends with a double bar line.

sure," she replied, "you cannot guess wrong Don't you

know I am singing a Temperance song, " Why I'm

sure," she replied, "you cannot guess wrong Don't you

know I am singing a Temperance song."

“Tetotal—O, that’s the first word of my lay,
 And then don’t you see how I rattle away,
 ’Tis because I’ve just dipp’d my beak in the spring,
 And brushed the fair face of the Lark with my wing,
COLD WATER, COLD WATER, yes, that is my song,
 And I love to keep singing it all the day long.”

“And now my sweet Miss, won’t you give me a crumb
 For the dear little nestlings waiting at home?
 And one thing beside; since my story you’ve heard,
 I hope you’ll remember the lay of the bird,
 And never forget, while you list to my song,
 All the birds to the **COLD WATER ARMY** belong.”

A Glass, a Glass, but not of Sherry.

CATCH—*from Temperance Lyre, by Mrs. Dana.*

The musical score consists of three staves of music, each with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 3/4. The notes are as follows:

- Staff 1: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4.
- Staff 2: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4.
- Staff 3: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4.

The lyrics are written below the staves:

A glass, a glass, but not of Sherry,
 For we with-out it can be merry;
 Cold Water makes us happy very

Temperance Watchword.

WORDS, BY CHAS. THURBER, ESQ. MUSIC, BY ASA R. TROWBRIDGE

Moderato.

1. Shout my soul, for thou hast spoken, I will drink that

bowl no more, God has help'd and I have broken

That strong chain that bound be - fore, Temp'rance now shall

be my watchword, Till my days on earth are o'er.

2

What a thralldom I was under,
 Crush'd beneath intemperance's reign,
 Reason, with her voice of thunder
 Could not break the galling chain;
 Weeping wife and starving children
 Plead with tears but plead in vain.

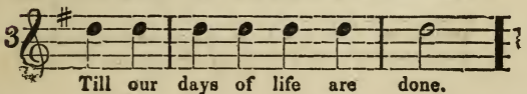
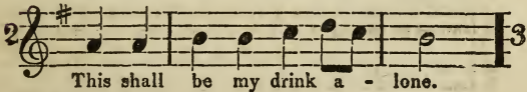
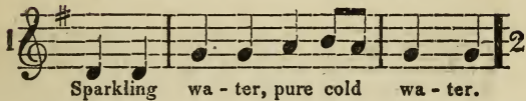
3

Sunk in vice and black pollution,
 Where no rays of comfort dart,
 Shame and scorn and destitution,
 Could not reach this slavish heart;
 Chains of adamant had bound me
 Far too strong to rend apart.

4

Thanks to God his grace has found me,
 Placed me on a solid shore;
 Father, let it still surround me,
 That I stray away no more;
 That alone has power to keep me
 Safely till my days are o'er.

ROUND, SPARKLING WATER.



Touch not the Cup.

FROM THE WASHINGTONIAN HARP.

WORDS, BY J. H. A.

TUNE, "LONG, LONG AGO."

1. Touch not the cup, it is death to thy soul,
2. Touch not the cup when the wine glistens bright,
3. Touch not the cup, young man in thy pride,
4. Touch not the cup, O drink not a drop,

Touch not the cup, touch not the cup; Ma-ny I know who have
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup; Though like the ruby it
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup; Hark to the warning of
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup; All that thou lovest en -

quaff'd from the bowl, Touch not the cup, touch it not.
shines in the light, Touch not the cup, touch it not.
thousands who've died, Touch not the cup, touch it not.
treat thee to stop, Touch not the cup, touch it not.

Little they tho't that the demon was there, Blindly they
The fangs of the serpent are hid in the bowl, Deeply the

Go to their lonely and desolate tomb, Think of their
Stop! for the home that to thee is so near, Stop! for the

drank and were caught in the snare, Then of that death-dealing
poi-son will en - ter thy soul, Soon will it plunge thee be-

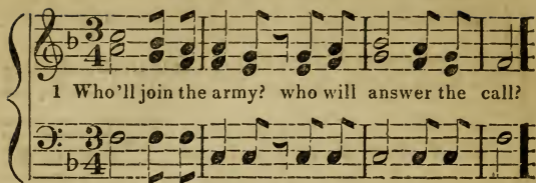
death, of their sorrow and gloom, Think, that perhaps thou may'st
friends that to thee are so dear, Stop, for thy country, the

bowl, oh, beware, Touch not the cup, touch it not.
yond thy control, Touch not the cup, touch it not.

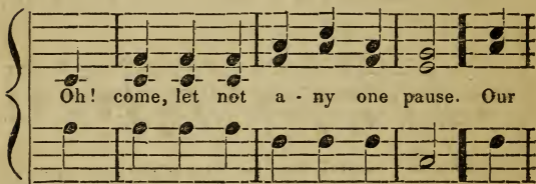
share in their doom, Touch not the cup, touch it not.
God that you fear, Touch not the cup, touch it not.

Who'll join the Army.

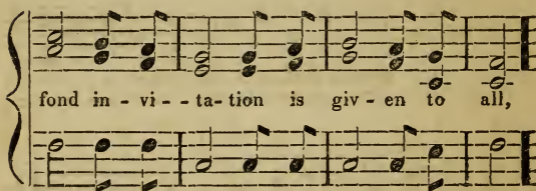
TUNE, ORPHAN NOSEGAY GIRL.



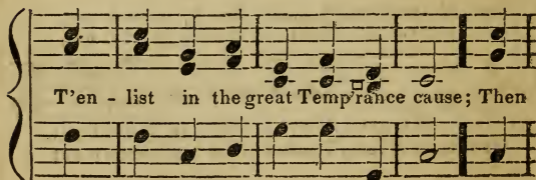
1 Who'll join the army? who will answer the call?



Oh! come, let not a - ny one pause. Our



fond in - vi - - ta - tion is giv - en to all,



T'en - list in the great Temperance cause; Then

come, join the ar-my, our flag is un-furled, Our

motto, "Cold wa - ter, the drink for the world."

- 2 Who'll join the army? Come and arm for the fight,
 Equip with the badge and the song;
 With arms such as these, surely we'll put to flight
 King Alcohol's bands, ere 'tis long. Then come, &c.
- 3 Who'll join the army? Come one and come all,
 Let's march in a phalanx so broad
 That the sound of our songs shall on every ear fall,
 Till the monster strong drink be destroyed. Then, &c.

Cold Water Round.

1 We love cold wa - - ter,

2 We love cold wa - - ter,

3 We love cold wa - ter, and we'll

4 Drink it all our days.

A New Temperance Song.

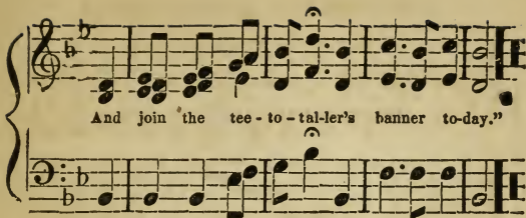
AIR.—“Sandy and Jenny.”

“Come, come, jol - ly Harvey,” cried Waters, “’tis time,

There’s Hawkins with reason, and Jewett with rhyme,

Come hear what the Temperance lec - tur - ers say,

And join the tee - to - tal - ler’s banner to-day,”



"No, no, my old codger," said Harvey with speed,
 "I'm not to be caught by that gammon indeed
 Beside, if I sign, what will Swiggonton say?
 So none of your cold water doings to-day."

"Take care, my good fellow and mind what you do
 Both whiskey and grog are bad liquors for you;
 You're getting quite frequently "over the bay."
 So sign the teetotaler's paper to-day."

"No, no, old aquatic," he answered again,
 "You'd like a stiff bumper yourself, it is plain;
 Beside, I've got used to it now, as they say,
 So I'll stick to the switchell, at least for to-day."

"Good-bye to you then," Waters gravely replied,
 "You mistake your own welfare, it can't be denied;
 For could you but hear what the lecturers say,
 You'd join the society this very day."

"Stay, stay, honest Waters," said he with a smile,
 "I've been thinking you're right in the main all the while
 Let drunkards and smokers laugh as they may,
 I'll sign the teetotaler's paper to-day."

Cold Water Army Pledge.

We Cold Water Girls and Boys, Freely renounce the
Of Brandy, Whiskey, Rum and Gin, The serpent's lure to

"So here we pledge perpetual hate, To all that can in-

Fine. **D. C.**

treach'rous joys } Wine, Beer and Ci - der we de - test,
death and sin ; } And thus we'll make our pa-rents blest ;

- - tox - i - cate."

Drink from the Bubbling Fountain.

Words by Theobald Matthew.

Music by C. J. Warren.

Drink from the bub-ling foun - tain, Drink it

For. **Plia.**

free ; 'Twas good for Samson ! And 'tis good for thee.

For.



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